QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF CLASSICS
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

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Mr. Weisberg:

Thanks for your good letter and for the address of Richard Sprague. I sincerely appreciate that you should take the time from your busy and important affairs merely to send me a note. Thanks again.

I shall certainly get in touch with Mr. Sprague. I only regret that I have nothing to offer him but encouragement and good wishes.

An urgent personal matter brought me to Bowie, Md., while you were in New Orleans. I called your home in the hope that you might give me the opportunity of meeting you, but your wife (she sounded like a charming woman) told me that you would not return for a few days. I had to rush off to see my family in Trenton, N.J., and missed my chance. Too bad; it isn't often that one gets a chance to meet an ex-chicken-farmer turned "scavanger".

Playboy reviewed Ozwald in New Orleans this month. It appears that you gave the reviewer a sound jolt and caused him seriously to doubt the integrity of the "investigation". I know how bewildered he must feel, for I can still remember the first shock of revelation that struck me; my life has not been the same since.

Most people in this area loved Kennedy as their own. It's amazing, really. When I came here a few years ago I learned that Canadians wept as hard as we did. Those who have not been brainwashed by the national press vaguely feel that some foul waters have been turned in the wake of the assassination, but nobody, not anybody, bothers to find out what is really going on. I feel alone here; I can talk to anyone about it, but but I can talk with no one.